

dear diary; by cafekaspbrak

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Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Robert "Bob" Gray, Sonia Kaspbrak, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Mike Hanlon/Stanley Uris, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

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Summary:

Seventeen-year-old Eddie Kaspbrak has begun to attend the astute Northcreek academy, a private school in Maine meant for the richest. Not only does he struggle with the transition to a new, wealthy school lifestyle, but with the fresh wound of his father's passing. Confiding in his diary is all he has.

When a curious group of mischief-making students indoctrinate Eddie into their club, they'll both explore philosophical elements and unearth deep, wicked secrets.

dear diary;

Author's Note:

@cafekaspbrak on twitter.

thank you to everyone who has proofread this for me
and dealt with my excited rambling.

“Disobedience, in the eyes of any one who has read history, is man’s original virtue. It is through disobedience that progress has been made, through disobedience and through rebellion.”

Oscar Wilde .

When I sit in this common room, I am sitting on someone else’s blood. Young Kaspbrak, feeding off of mommy’s money, ever so privileged and reveling in grandeur built by exploitation.

The interesting thing is that I have never pondered privilege until the news of my enrollment. Before, I didn’t care to think of the sacrifices made for the floor below my feet, or the rapacious nature of American systems. Not the underlying corruption of so many of my possessions, or how I was a pawn in this scheme. We have a human right to enjoy and spoil ourselves, otherwise we wouldn’t visit the cinema or exchange holiday gifts, but I know of people who think in gold, and that extremity is fatal to the world.

Soon, I’ll depart from this room in a hurry, hoisting my satchel up over a shoulder and heaving my suitcase up to my dorm room. My first day at a new school, an entirely new atmosphere to grow accustomed to, and while the precedences of popularity and “new-kid-tyrannizing” were roughly obstructed by eighth grade, anxieties swell in my stomach, and I feel as hopeless as a child on their first day of kindergarten. When I kissed my mother goodbye, and stepped

hesitantly through the doors, I stopped, doe-eyed and jaw-dropped at the interior's extravagance. High ceilings and exorbitant furnishing; the common room I'm waiting inside is just the same. It's extraordinaire is terrible, aesthetically satisfying but exuding the pretentious essence my father protested. These students might be more inclined to pick me apart like a scientific specimen. I found myself worried and homesick, perhaps enough to cry, if not for my resilience.

My family has always been well off, but my father never let us live an overly high-class lifestyle. My mother is obsessively materialistic—Marie Antoinette in both nature and appearance—and never approved of his philosophy. I was lucky that he pulled the financial reins instead.

We lived in a white, double-story house in a small, Maine neighborhood. In hindsight, a double-story house for a three-person family may have been much. We were comfortable, but a considerable amount of my father's funds went to cancer research organizations, charities, and all of that generous business. The rest, to our bills or reserved for my schooling, and the basics, like groceries; no caviar or delicate truffles.

I was raised mostly humble, but went to the best public school in my town. It had been strict with its rule manuel, and required uniforms, but scarcely catered to the arts. It had encouraged a slow and systematic course toward the *professional* fields of mathematics and science, or retail jobs if you were unskilled in either. The opportunity to attend the exclusive and astute Northcreek academy should have been my golden ticket. Pristine, promoting the humanities—where part of my interests lie—and having won awards for the academic superiority of its students. But that meant leaving Derry, abandoning the familiarity of my hometown where I lost my first tooth, and learned how to ride a bicycle. My father had denied my mother's adamant requests to move for as long as he was able.

My mother got the best of it all in the end. One day, my life had plummeted into the ugliest catastrophe. It wasn't the teen angst sort, but I wished every day for a month that time would clock backwards, and it would be instead. She soon whisked us off to a finer home in a similarly small town; the front door was nearly the height of three of me, accompanied by Greek pillars and a backyard fit for keeping horses.

Awaiting us inside were hauntingly blank walls, and dust seen drifting in the air where the light from the open door sat. I can only recall Mother vaguely speaking of wildflower wallpaper for the kitchen, and pale rugs, but my ears were mostly cloudy. She noticed my distant behaviour, and leaned in closer to talk, hand resting softly on my shoulder. *Go look upstairs, Eddie honey. Your room isn't hard to find.*

I did, and mother was right. My bedroom, connected to a bathroom, was twice the size of my previous. It was too much room for what I owned; for the first two weeks, all I wanted inside were my bed, a paperback novel, and my leather-bound journal.

It's the same journal I'm holding as I sit in a maroon, cantilever chair beside a window—large and concealed by thick curtains—and as I come to admit that the room is immensely beautiful, which tempts me to discard my precariousness for indulgence. A chandelier hangs from the center of the ceiling, wide and elegant stairs wind up both sides toward the dormitories, and the floor is imprinted with an intricate, geometric pattern. Then, I remember that it is nothing compared to home, where I sat on a tire swing in our front yard reading Ray Bradbury, where Father took me out for ice cream after concluding French class with a perfect grade, and where I escaped to a quarry after school sometimes, even though I wasn't allowed.

I have many of these memories in my hands now. I'd started a journal some time in the spring. Mother thrust me several bills to purchase new eyeglass frames, but while heading downtown to the ophthalmologist, I discovered a quaint secondhand bookshop tucked away behind the office. I went there first, immediately met by the heavy scent of antiques blanketed with dust. It reminded me of a wizard's cabin. Tall shelves were lined in rows and packed with novels, and a rickety-looking table sat in the corner with a chess board on top. I eyed the selection of decorative notebooks. I had never had an interest in keeping a journal, but I was drawn to the one with dark-washed leather, and a strap to secure it closed with. I picked it up, and as silly sounding as the action was, untied the strap to smell the pages.

"Interested in that?" a man's voice asked from behind me. I turned around, forced to look upward due to his stature, and saw an older gentleman wearing aviators.

"Yes sir," I nodded. "But I'm afraid I wouldn't have a use for it."

"Not even for school? Or is it too embarrassing to use something like that these days?"

I wasn't sure how to reply, and shrugged my shoulders. Still holding it, I pushed my glasses further up my nose. He identified my awkward gestures, pulling up a nearby chair to sit. I was taken even more aback by his next words.

"Do you have a lot on your mind? Doesn't have to be constant, but are there times where you don't know if you could stop thinking?"

“Yes sir.”

“Oh, call me Keene.”

“Yes, Keene sir,” I looked downward.

He laughed at that. “When you get those thoughts, and don’t think you have outside support, or if you’re just too shy,” he smiled. “Writing them down is the next best alternative. My granddaughter has a diary, and she writes about her best experiences. The ones she really wants to feel again. You couldn’t do that with a photograph.”

“I’ve never written for pleasure. It might not be any good, and I’d abandon it after a week—”

He shook his head as if in disapproval, but I recognized through the look of his eyes that he held some sort of deeper understanding. “You don’t need to be a writer to have profound thoughts. And, sometimes, you need to take risks. Test the waters despite your fears, because you’ll likely regret it if you don’t.”

I was convinced by that point. I handed him the money for the journal, a collection of dollars that likely totaled to much more than the actual price, and left with a *‘thank you’*. I never went to buy those frames that day, rather, I hurried home and borrowed a fountain pen from my father’s study. Slumped over my desk, I began writing in only the light of a merlot candle.

Property of Edward (Eddie) F. Kaspbrak.

Outside contact prohibited! (That means don't read).

It was easy for me to commit to it; after a couple weeks, I believed that writing was the path toward knowing myself, because Mother was impossible, and Father was suffocated by work, and friends were difficult to come by. I had a place to translate my thoughts to cursive script; I hung up my words in a closet of pages, and I could return at any point, and pick out a baggy tweed or cable-knit sweater, and wrap myself in the memories. And there weren't just words. Pressed flowers from that spring, stray drops of lake water, a coffee stain, and crumpled receipts. It was entirely me.

But, as of this moment, the ink washes me in a wave of uneasiness. I thumb through the pages; an entry from yesterday, another from a week ago, and one from the day of Frank Kaspbrak's funeral.

My journal reminds me of every painful change. Every event that has happened too rapidly for me to comprehend, leaving my chest cramping and mental state wobbly, is documented inside. I take a moment's breath. I have a few minutes until I can settle in my dorm room.

I remove a cheap pen from my coat pocket, and scribble down the date.

August 10th. Dear diary;